

Deacon Goodyear's Wooing

By HARRIET A. NASH

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Miss Lucretia Potter sprang from her chair and hurried nearer the window, hastily removing her near-to-glasses, and bringing the "far-off" down from the top of her head.

North of the low brick house stretched the village cemetery, and over the picket fence, from the cemetery side, leaned a tall man with iron grey beard, in close conversation with a slender woman on the garden side, whose head and face were concealed by a huge sunbonnet. Presently they separated and she came slowly toward the house, pausing to straighten a stalk of sweet-william which leaned over the narrow path. When she entered the sitting-room Miss Lucretia was industriously patching a patchwork by her own special window.

"That you, Maria?" she said, without looking up. Maria assented. As she removed her sunbonnet you saw that her hair was glossy black and her complexion clear. It was the common opinion in Pineville that Maria Potter held her age far better than Lucretia, who was two years her junior.

"I saw Deacon Goodyear out in the cemetery, Lucretia," she said, presently.

"You don't say so," exclaimed Miss Lucretia.

"Yes, he come down to the fence to ask whether he'd better plant snowballs or syringas at the corners of his lot. Poor man! He don't seem to be getting over Lucretia's death a mite. He spoke real feeling about his getting along alone and said he couldn't stand it to have hired help fussin' round among her things."

"He's met with a great loss. Lucretia was a good woman, though if I do say it, she always seemed kind of standoffish with us," said Miss Lucretia, thoughtfully.

"Well, maybe 'twas natural. Of course she couldn't help knowin' how much he used to be here."

Here Miss Lucretia blushed faintly and Miss Maria looked conscious.

Deacon Goodyear's family lot in the cemetery had been carefully selected near the side of the yard, because, as the deacon said, "Charity always liked to be on the 'edge' of things. The middle hadn't no attractions for her. In his desire to honor this phase of her character, it never occurred to him that Charina might have preferred to rest a little further from the Potter homestead. The deacon himself, as time went on, found the proximity



"LUCRETIA'S PROMISED TO MARRY ME," HE SAID, FIRMLY.

quite pleasing. It was very convenient in his frequent visits to the cemetery, to lean over the fence where Miss Maria was usually at work in the garden and seek advice on any point of household economies with which his masculine brain was inadequate to cope. And the conferences led to an occasional exchange of courtesies, such as pumpkin pie on Miss Maria's part, or a kindly offer from the deacon to empty the soft-soap leach.

Autumn came on apace. The maples in the Potter yard flattered their crimson leaves down upon Charina's grave. Miss Maria exchanged her sunbonnet for a hood and hurried preparations for winter.

Invitations to Thanksgiving began to come in, for the Potter sisters were popular in Pineville; but to her sister's surprise, Miss Maria announced her intention of making a Thanksgiving at home.

"We might invite Deacon Goodyear over," she said.

Miss Lucretia grow impatient. "Well, Maria Potter, I like your consistency!" she asserted. "Invite him to dinner! Where's your chaperon to come from?"

But Miss Maria had thought of that. They would also invite the little school-teacher, who was the widow of their nephew. And, in spite of Miss Lucretia's objection that she didn't think widows were allowable for chaperons and that Lucretia was only 24, Miss Maria, as usual, had her way.

The dinner party proved in every way a success. Lucretia, whose only home was a boarding house, accepted the invitation with such delight that the sisters felt a little guilty, and agreed that it was not necessary to explain the capacity in which she was to serve. Yet she unconsciously acted her part to perfection. As for the deacon, he confessed to Miss Maria that it was the first "meal of victuals" he had really relished since Charina died.

Lucretia found herself invited to her aunt's frequently that winter, much to her own enjoyment. It was very pleasant

to come after a hard day in school and spend a cozy evening in the pleasant sitting-room. And nearly always Deacon Goodyear dropped in, and would kindly see her home.

The deacon came less frequently to the cemetery now. The snow was beginning to accumulate, and Miss Maria no longer worked out of doors. Sometimes when drifts were deep, he happened around to see if his syringas bushes were breaking, and kindly offered to "shovel them out." Once or twice he ventured to drop in without special invitation, but to his perplexity found his reception less cordial. Without going very deeply into the reason for it, he began to be conscious that he enjoyed his calls best when Lucretia was present, and felt into a habit of asking her what evenings she would be there. Sometimes when it was snowy he called for her with his team.

So, in the natural course of human events, it was not long before a rumor came to Miss Maria's ears that Deacon Goodyear was paying Lucretia marked attention. The story filled her with deep concern, particularly since her aroused observation could but confirm it.

"I'm afraid Lucretia's right, and a widow isn't the proper person for a chaperon," sighed Miss Maria to herself. "But there, if he's really in earnest, Lucretia'll make him a nice little wife, and if Lucretia's satisfied I'm sure I am." And seeing no way by which her intervention might better matters, Miss Maria wisely decided to let them take their course.

The crocuses had begun to push through the brown earth, and nothing was left of the snow save dingy patches in the hollows, when Miss Maria stepped into her yard one morning, noting with a breath of delight that winter had gone. A voice from the cemetery fence greeted her. Deacon Goodyear had come around to see how his lot was looking. His manner this morning was not depressed. He had never missed Charina as he did this spring. Seemed as if he couldn't wait for the snow to go off so he could get to her grave. Yet within ten minutes having from Charina led skillfully up to the point, he was offering Miss Maria a position as Mrs. Solomon Goodyear.

Miss Maria was astonished and indignant. With much dignity but in few words, she declined the honor and walked back to the house, leaving the deacon more depressed than before. Poking his cane about among the dead leaves on Charina's grave, Miss Maria said nothing to her sister. She felt crushed and humiliated, somehow. It seemed to her as if Deacon Goodyear had trifled with them all as a family. She would have a talk with Lucretia and find out how the poor girl took it.

She walked into the schoolroom after the children were gone, with distressed face, at sight of which Lucretia's smile dimmed a little.

"Oh, Aunt Maria," she said; "I hope you're not disappointed?"

"At what?" asked Miss Maria.

"Because I refused Deacon Goodyear. Did he tell you? I was so surprised for I had thought he was good to me on account of being a family friend. But last night he came around so solemn, and asked me to marry him in such a mournful manner! I'm afraid you'll think me wicked, Aunt Maria, but I actually laughed after I was alone to think what a good joke Arthur would have thought it. And then I cried, thinking that in Heaven we might not care for jokes. But to-day I have been thinking how much you asked us there together, and was so afraid you wanted something of the kind."

"I never thought of such a thing," declared Miss Maria, with perfect truth. She pondered on the deacon's strange behavior as she went slowly homeward. What would Lucretia say?

A sound of voices reached her from the sitting-room. Deacon Goodyear, no longer depressed or mournful, sat beside her sister, Miss Lucretia's cheeks were a soft pink.

"Oh, Maria!" she said.

Miss Maria turned inquiringly to ward the deacon, who colored, but met her gaze unflinchingly.

"Lucretia's promised to marry me," he said, firmly.

Miss Maria gave him a withering look.

"Allow me to congratulate you," she said. She put away her bonnet and went straight to the kitchen, putting her head back through the door to inquire: "Will your young man stay to tea, Lucretia?"

Deacon Goodyear followed her out, carefully closing both doors behind him.

"Look here, now," he said, in a low but determined voice; "you probably think this is terribly funny, and maybe it does look queer. Lucretia's the one I wanted all the time. But I kept a-hearing reports about how I was courting of Lucretia, and I kind of thought maybe my attentions did require an offer. But Lucretia didn't want me. Then I kind of thought that maybe your turn come next. But neither did you want me. Then, having fulfilled my duty to the best of my knowledge, there didn't seem to be any reason why I shouldn't follow my inclination and ask Lucretia. 'Twas her I wanted all the time."

He paused. Miss Maria poked the fire vigorously.

"Charina was a good wife to me," said the deacon, reflectively. "She stood by me through thick and thin, and we bore the burden and heat of the day together. But I wanted Lucretia 30 years ago."

Miss Maria hung the poker back with a jerk.

"Well," she said, "Lucretia's of age and some considerably over. If she wants to marry, she can."

THE CHOICE OF PAINT.

Fifty years ago a well-painted house was a rare sight; to-day an unpainted house is rarer. If people knew the real value of paint a house in need of paint would be "scarcer than hen's teeth." There was some excuse for our forefathers. Many of them lived in houses hardly worth preserving; they knew nothing about paint, except that it was pretty; and to get a house painted was a serious and costly job. The difference between their case and ours is that when they wanted paint it had to be made for them; whereas when we need paint we can go to the nearest good store and buy it, in any color or quality ready for use. We know, or ought to know by this time, that to let a house stand unpainted is mostly costly, while a good coat of paint, applied in season, is the best of investments. If we put off the brief visit of the painter we shall in due time have the carpenter coming to pay us a long visit at our expense. Lumber is constantly getting scarcer, dearer and poorer, while prepared paints are getting plentier, better and less expensive. It is a short-sighted plan to let the valuable lumber of our houses go to pieces for the want of paint.

For the man that needs paint there are two forms from which to choose; one is the old form, still favored by certain unprogressive painters who have not yet caught up with the times—lead and oil; the other is the ready-for-use paint found in every up-to-date store. The first must be mixed with oil, driers, turpentine and colors before it is ready for use; the other need only be stirred up in the can and it is ready to go on. To buy lead and oil, colors, etc., and mix them into a paint by hand is, in this twentieth century, about the same as refusing to ride in a trolley car because one's grandfather had to walk or ride on horseback when he wanted to go anywhere. Prepared paints have been on the market less than fifty years, but they have proved on the whole so inexpensive, so convenient and so good that the consumption to-day is something over sixty million gallons a year and still growing. Unless they had been in the main satisfactory, it stands to reason there would have been no such steady growth in their use.

Mixed paints are necessarily cheaper than paint of the hand-mixed kind, because they are made in a large way by machinery from materials bought in large quantities by the manufacturer. They are necessarily better than paints mixed by hand, because they are more finely ground and more thoroughly mixed, and because there is less chance of the raw materials in them being adulterated. No painter, however careful he may be, can ever be sure that the materials he buys are not adulterated, but the large paint manufacturer does know in every case, because everything he buys goes through the chemist's hands before he accepts it.

Of course there are poor paints on the market (which are generally cheap paints). So there is poor flour, poor cloth, poor soap; but because of that we go back to the hand-mill, the hand-loom and the soap-kettle of the backwoods. No, we use our common sense in choosing goods. We find out the reputation of the different brands of flour, cloth and soap; we take account of the standing of the dealer that handles them, we ask our neighbors. So with paint; if the manufacturer has a good reputation, if the dealer is responsible, if our neighbors have had satisfaction with it, that ought to be pretty good evidence that the paint is all right.

"Many men of many kinds"—Many paints of many kinds; but while prepared paints may differ considerably in composition, the better grades of them all agree pretty closely in results. "All roads lead to Rome," and the paint manufacturers, starting by different paths, have all the same object—to make the best paint possible to sell for the least money, and so capture and keep the trade.

There is scarcely any other article of general use on the market to-day that can be bought with anything like the assurance of getting your money's worth as the established brands of prepared paint. The paint you buy to-day may not be like a certain patent medicine, "the same as you have always bought," but if not, it will be because the manufacturer has found a way of giving you a better article for your money, and so making more sure of your next order.

P. G.

New Light on Scriptures.

A former bishop of the Episcopal church of Indiana once preached to a black congregation. At the conclusion of the discourse, several of the negroes crowded about the preacher and praised his sermon, saying it was the best they had ever heard. One enthusiast exclaimed:

"Bishop, you tol us things we nevah know befo'."

"Indeed," said the bishop, gratified at the praise. "What was it I told you that you never knew befo'?"

"'Bout Sodom an' Gomorrah. Why, bishop, I always thought they was a man an' his wife.'—The Reader.

"Taking Their Dust."

Mrs. Stockbonds—John, we will have to get a new air carriage immediately!

John—Why, my dear, the one we have is practically new.

"I can't help that. When I was out for a fly this afternoon the Van der Billon's car went at least 100 feet higher than mine could, and they deliberately kept their shadow over me the whole time!"—American Spectator.

OF AID TO HOSTESS

SOME NOVEL AND PLEASING ENTERTAINMENTS.

At a Merry Engagement Luncheon—Clever Place-Card Lines—At Church Dinner One's Native State Brought to Fore.

An Engagement Luncheon.

The announcement of an engagement is always full of interest, and here is the description of a beautiful luncheon at which ten of the nearest and dearest friends of the bride-elect sat down to the feast. The color scheme was pink; the tablecloth was laid over that color, while the center piece was a cut glass bowl filled with Mermel roses. The candles were pink in glass holders.

Each plate was outlined with pink carnations, forming a circle, except the place of honor, where the pinks formed a heart. The place cards were Cupids, doing all sorts of things, but that of the bride-elect had a heart upon it, pierced by an arrow, and Cupid was putting the rest of his arrows back into the quiver. The almond holders were pink rosebud boxes, and on opening hers the bride-elect found her engagement ring. Congratulations followed, and everyone was completely surprised.

The regulation luncheon was served. Cupids ornamented the small cakes, and the hostess had put a thimble in one, a ring in another and a coin in a third. The finding of these articles caused much merriment.

Place Card Lines.

"What a clear way you have of putting things."

"None knew them but to love thee."

"Blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go."

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

"Mistress of herself tho' China falls."

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."

"She was a phantom of delight."

"Show us how divine a thing a woman may be made."

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with."

"Gentle and true, simple and kind was she, noble of mien, with gracious speech to all."

A Church Dinner.

The idea of a states' dinner is a good one, adding both interest and novelty to the ordinary church dinner. Send out invitations with the request that in the acceptance the guests designate the state in which they were born. Then the people from one state are to sit at the same table, or there may have to be two or three tables for one state if the space forbids seating more than a limited number.

There must be a host and hostess for each table and the decorations must be characteristic of the state. For instance, at a recent dinner of this kind "New York's" table had a pyramid of fruit, mostly apples, pears and grapes. "New Hampshire" and "Vermont" sat together; a row of miniature trees was the decoration, with a hill of cotton sparkling with diamond dust snow, down which sleds were gaily sliding, also tiny figures on toboggans. "New Jersey's" table had a mound of clam shells and yards of strung cranberries outlining pretty figures on the table cloth. "Pennsylvania" had a pile of coal and an oil well at either end. "Holland" had a number of guests, and the "Bow of Orange Ribbon" was in evidence, while diminutive wooden shoes held the salted nuts and an old windmill flapped lazily round and round in the center of the table. The guests from "Georgia" had real cotton blossoms, rice sheafs and sweet potatoes, scrubbed to whiteness, to hold the candles, while a log cabin with an old "Aunt" and "Uncle" made the center piece. These examples will show how the affair was carried out. Toasts were given and the young girls of the church acted as waiters.

MADAME MERRIL

FOR THE OUTDOOR GIRL.

A Hand-Knit Sporting Jacket Very Chic for the Devotee of Golf and Vigorous Play.

It seems that the outdoor girl is here, and that she is here to stay. When the first cold wave comes she retires for a season of social activity, but out she comes in her sporting togs along with the first robin and enjoys herself in the open for the balance of the year.

Just now this creature, who keeps her life full of fresh air, is rejoicing in a very chic sporting jacket. It is the most comfortable and convenient wrap of its kind ever modeled, she declares.

The jacket is knit by hand and fashioned like a short box coat, being devoid of all seams except those under the arms. A collar, such as men wear on their sack coats, and deep cuffs of leather, also pocket flaps, give the garment lots of style and make it fit for hard wear.

The ascot stock is the only neckwear permissible with the jacket.

"I don't know how we outdoor girls ever lived without it," testified a self-enthusiast. "It hits the wrap question off just right, for it is warm without being burdensome, and does not interfere with a good swinging drive. Best of all it is becoming to the slender, and no woman who really goes in for an outdoor life grows fat."

Return of Foulards.

Foulards, voiles and other loosely woven fabrics will be again in favor.

A BUTTERMILK BATH.

It Whitens and Refines the Skin—How One Can Get Along with a Single Quart.

If you sunburn and tan and are inclined to freckle, buttermilk acts as a bleach, whitening and refining the skin as nothing else will. It stimulates the pores and is a corrective for most of the minor ailments and imperfections to which the skin is prone.

Is it expensive? That depends entirely upon the sort of bath you wish or can afford to take. Buttermilk costs six cents a quart, and if one takes a tub bath of it nightly at least five gallons will be necessary, and that will count up to a pretty penny in a month, but a single quart will be almost, if not quite, as beneficial if used with discretion.

Of course, the ideal way is to lie in a tub full of the milk, after the other bath, but equally good results will be obtained by the following method.

First thoroughly bathe the body, as usual, with warm water and soap. See that the bath water is always softened by some means—bran or borax will answer, though the former is to be preferred. If the skin is inclined to be sluggish, a brisk and thorough scrubbing with a brush is advisable, so as to promote circulation and free the pores.

Before getting into the tub prepare the buttermilk by putting it into a large washbowl, one that will hold the entire quart. When the bath is over drain the tub, but remain in it. Scoop the buttermilk up in the hands, and have the body, using a circular motion to insure its absorption by the skin.

Special attention must be given to the face, arms and shoulders, which should be bathed first. For the neck, shoulders and arms the circular motion in applying the buttermilk is the one to be employed, especially the forearm, as it will tend to develop and make it rounder, and the motion should be toward the shoulder; that is a great help to circulation.

For the face any motion that is at all similar to massage is to be avoided. It seems almost outrageous to make the assertion that massage has ruined more skins than any other one thing, and yet good authorities say that it is a fact that has been proved again and again.

It is not by any means the cold creams used that produce the unsightly hairs on the face that have worried so many women," said one authority; "it is the massage that stimulates to unwanted activity the glands that supply nourishment to the hairs."

The head is massaged to produce a more luxuriant growth of hair, and if there is a tendency toward hairy growths on the face, why should it not produce the same result there? If a cold cream is made without animal fats of any kind it may be applied to the face and then wiped off, with very good results, and be perfectly harmless, but massaged into the skin it will cause hair to grow if there is the slightest inclination in that direction.

To bathe the face with buttermilk, pat it in, almost slap it in, but do not massage it. Buttermilk is an animal product, from which, to be sure, all fats have been removed, and even when dried on the skin it will not show the least bit oily, but if used as a medium for massage it will be just as apt to make hair grow as if it were still full of the original fats contained in milk and cream.

As a skin food buttermilk has no peer, it is asserted; it is a tissue builder, feeding the starved cuticle with healthful nourishment, softening the harsh, dry skin and acting as an astringent upon the flabby relaxed one.

DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

Here is a Lovely Little Frock of White Silk Trimmed with Lace and Insertion.

Here is a dainty little dress of white silk. It is made with a rather deep yoke front and back, to which the full skirt part is fitted by small tucks. The lower edge is trimmed



A CHARMING FROCK.

with a frill of lace headed by insertion.

The puffed sleeves are finished above the elbow by a frill of silk edged with lace. The pointed collar is edged by a frill of lace headed by insertion, which must be sharply folded at the corners to make it set nicely.

Material required: Four yards silk 36 inches wide, 7 yards wide lace, 3½ yards narrow lace, 5½ yards insertion.

If Very Sallow.

Yes; you can dose yourself with sulphur and molasses, eat fruits and vegetables, and walk in the open air. You will find your orange color fading away under this treatment.

ATTACKED THE HEART

Awful Neuralgia Case Cured to Stay Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Neuralgia in any form is painful but when it attacks the heart it is frequently fatal. Complicated with indigestion of a form that affected the vital organs it threatened serious consequences in an instance just reported. The case is that of Mr. F. L. Graves, of Pleasantville, La., who tells of his trouble and cure as follows:

"I traveled considerably, was exposed to all kinds of weather and was irregular in my sleeping and eating. I suppose this was the cause of my sickness, at any rate, in May, 1905, I had got so bad that I was compelled to quit work and take to my bed. I had a good doctor and took his medicine faithfully but grew worse. I gave up hope of getting better and my neighbors thought I was surely going to die."

"I had smothering spells that it is awful to recall. My heart fluttered and then seemed to cease beating. I could not lie on my left side at all. My hands and feet swelled and so did my face. After reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a newspaper I decided to try them and they suited my case exactly. Before long I could see an improvement and after taking a few boxes I was entirely cured. I am glad to make this statement and wish it could cause every sufferer to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not simply deaden pain; they cure the trouble which causes the pain. They are guaranteed to contain no narcotic, stimulant or opiate. Those who take them run no danger of forming any drug habit. They act directly on the blood and it is only through the blood that any medicine can reach the nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

FACTS ABOUT STAMPS.

A specialist who collected the stamps of France and her colonies recently sold his collection for \$11,000.

It takes a stamp collector to tell where are Ancon, Antofagasta, Apurimac, Chiapa, Diego Suarez, Bamra, Yca, Wadwan, Gollad, Jhino, Ujong, Faridkot, Nabha and Obok.

It requires more than 40 large albums to house the collection of United States stamps owned by the earl of Crawford. This collection of United States stamps is thought to be the most complete in existence.

The credit of originating adhesive stamps is generally given to James Chalmers, of Dundee, Scotland. He first advocated them in 1837, and in accordance with a legislative enactment of December 21, 1839, they were issued for public use in England May 6, 1840.

One Too Many for Them.

A short time ago a gang of rascals was sent to do some work on a bridge in course of construction. They got lodgings and started to board themselves; but they began to think the landlady was helping herself to their food, so they thought they would try and catch her. Seeing new potatoes exposed for sale at a grocer's they bought some, and having counted them, they gave them to the landlady to cook for their dinners. Each man was to count how many he got; but to their surprise, when they lifted the cover off the dish, they found the landlady had mashed the potatoes!

Heredity.

"I know I'm losing my hair early in life," says the young man, passing his hand over his bare scalp; "but my father and grandfather became bald at 20."

"Ah," comments the pickle-nosed individual, who is always thinking up such things, "then you are the heir to their hairlessness."—Magazine of Fun.

A BUSY WOMAN

Can Do the Work of 3 or 4 if Well Fed.

An energetic young woman living just outside of New York, writes:

"I am at present doing all the household work of a dairy farm, caring for 2 children, a vegetable and flower garden, a large number of fowls, besides managing an extensive exchange business through the mails and pursuing my regular avocation as a writer for several newspapers and magazines (designing fancy work for the latter) and all the energy and ability to do this I owe to Grape-Nuts food."

"It was not always so, and a year ago when the shock of my nursing baby's death utterly prostrated me and deranged my stomach and nerves so that I could not assimilate as much as a mouthful of solid food, and was in even worse condition mentally, he would have been a rash prophet who would have predicted that it ever would do so."

"Prior to this great grief I had suffered for years with impaired digestion, insomnia, agonizing cramps in the stomach, pain in the side, constipation, and other bowel derangements, all these were familiar to my daily life. Medicines gave me no relief—nothing did, until a few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and subsequently gave up coffee entirely and adopted Postum Food Coffee at all my meals."

"To-day I am free from all the troubles I have enumerated. My digestion is simply perfect, I assimilate my food without the least distress, enjoy sweet, restful sleep, and have a buoyant feeling of pleasure in my varied duties. In fact, I am a new woman, entirely made over, and I repeat, I owe it all to Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page.